

COMING EVENTS

LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

will visit
Port Hope, Thursday, May 10,
Belleville, Friday, May 11,
Kingston, Sat. and Sun., May 12, 13,
Ottawa, Mon. and Tues., May 14, 15,
Montreal, Wednesday, May 16, to Sat-
day, May 20.
Newport, Vt., Monday, May 21,
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25,
Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27,
Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit
Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
May 12, 13, 14.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit
Owen Sound, Thursday, May 13,
Little Current, Saturday, May 12, to
Tuesday, May 15,
Sudbury, Wednesday, May 16, to Fri-
day, May 18,
Sturgeon Falls, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
May 19, 20, 21.

MAJOR PICKERING

Will Visit the Following Corps:
New Glasgow, Thurs., Fri., Sat. and
Sun., May 10, 11, 12, 13,
Kentville, Monday, May 14.

to JUNE 2nd.

DO TO HELP
D?

STAFF-CAPT. STANYON

will visit
Brooklin, Friday, May 11,
Oshawa, Sat. and Sun., May 12, 13,
Newmarket, Friday, May 18,
Aurora, Sat. and Sun., May 19, 20.

STAFF-CAPT. CREIGHTON

will visit
Hamilton H., Sat. and Sun., May 12
13.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON

will visit
Hamilton L., Sat. and Sun., May 12
13.

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CREDITORS, AND
MORTGAGEES?

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16th Year, No. 34,

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1900,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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THE DOOR OF MERCY.

Heroes of the Cross

I.—THE APOSTLE TO THE LEPERS OF HAWAII.

(Continued.)

I first met Father Damien in 1876. I was attached to the United States steamship, Luckawanna, at this time, and with the object of making a report on the subject of leprosy, I secured letters from the Hawaiian Board of Health, with permission to make a prolonged stay and have every facility afforded me for an investigation of the dread disease on the island of Molokai. I landed on an October evening at the village of Kahala, the chief northern landing place of the island, where I was met by a cottage of lepers, mostly on horseback, the procession headed by Governor Ragsdale, himself a self-accused leper. With him rode Father Damien, who impressed me profoundly. He was then in the perfection of human health and vigor, about 32 years of age, with a smooth, thin face, and features constantly irradiated by a beautiful smile. He had a fine head, covered with black, curly hair.

"This Is My Work in this World."

He said to me, "Sooner or later I shall become a leper, but God grant it may not be until I have exhausted my capabilities for good to those of my unfortunate, afflicted brethren. I have endeavored to help them, not only morally and materially, but as a healer of physical wounds." What a contrast to him whom I saw years later—a physical wreck, with disfigured, swollen head, painful ear-lobes, a lion's countenance, and distorted fingers, shorn of all physical beauty, but still at work conscientiously for the good of his afflicted parishioners!

I was conducted to the Governor's house, where I was to be the guest of the Government, and in apartments devoted to the "board of health" was comfortably lodged, my meals being cooked and served by a non-leper. In the evening Father Damien came to the house accompanied by his Molokai band of leper boys, who made really good music with drums and tin-gongs—the latter fashioned by Father Damien himself out of old tin coal-oil cans. He spoke excellent English and told me the story of his life, which had now been so smoothed by the "board of health" that it had become an easy path for him, only later to be roughened by the attacks of disease and cruel slander.

His conversation was charming and his experience graphically told, which Governor Ragsdale supplemented by an account of his own remarkable life, including his self-denunciation as a leper and some charming recollections from the poets, especially Byron and Moore—for the Governor was highly educated, and had been a practicing lawyer at Hilo before coming to Molokai.

A Truly Christ-like Work.

During my stay I made an earnest study of leprosy, and with Father Damien visited the afflicted fellows daily to the hospital and at their homes, watching the patient care bestowed on them by the good Father, and the scientific treatment of their wounds and deformities—for no surgeon at that time was attached to the settlement. Our work over, we went to mass perhaps or to vesper, and then to dinner or supper, where a frugal meal was partaken of, the only luxury being a beer brewed from pineapple parings by the good Father himself.

He was Always Cheerful.

Indefatigable in the performance of the duties of his church, and tireless in helping in the village work of construction and repair; and yet much of it was revolting, especially the atmosphere of the little church graven with worshippers, where the odors from the leprosy sores were offensive beyond belief, often nauseating the priest at the altar, compelling him to seek the open window. My stay was short at Molokai, but it was long enough to impress me with the wonderful energy of this noble man in good works. And though no cure has yet been found for leprosy, his work and example brought to him without ques-

tion, through the "board of health," everything demanded, and made an ideal settlement, far in advance of those provided by other nations for the care of those shamefully afflicted.

But his fearless exposure in attending to the sick and dying, without any precaution against contracting the disease—which was intentional, so that the lepers might not feel, by any manifestation of delicacy and fear that he was repelling them—could have but one result, and he became a leper, succumbing to the disease in 1889.

In a letter which I received from him the year before, he told of a terrible storm which had done much damage on the island, especially to the church, the tower of which he had built with his own hands the year of my visit. Of himself there was only slight mention. He said: "The disease is progressing. My face and hands are undergoing a transformation. There is much misery here, but all night God knows what is best for us, and we are resigned to His holy will. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but the 'non leper' is calling me to keep Easter with himself." On the 15th of April, 1889, he died.

sider largely, was the one reform needed, pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money, it brought the best individual addition at all the best, it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalaheva. If ever man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he; there is not a clean cup or towel in the bishop's house but dirty Damien washed it. The man who tried to do what Damien did is my father, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father, too, if God had given you grace to see it."

IF I SHOULD FAIL

The following verses were sent home by a private in the Royal Irish Lancers. They were written by a comrade of his at the front:—

If I should fall among the dead and dying,
Amid the strife upon the blood-stained field,

God's Answer.

THE cry of Man's anguish went up unto God,
"Lord, take away pain!
The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast
The close-coiling chain [made,
That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs
On the wings that would soar—
Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made
That it love Thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world,
"Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the soul to endure,
Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity that knits hearts to heart
And sacrifice high?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
White brows to the sky?
Shall I take away Love that redeems with a price,
And smiles at its loss? [Mine
Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto
The Christ on His cross?"

R. L. Stevenson's Opinion.

There have been critics of Father Damien's life and his intercourse with the lepers. But the mouths of these critics, and especially that of the originator of the slander about "the comfortable Honolulu manse," have been shut for ever by a great defender—Robert Louis Stevenson. One letter of this great man is alone sufficient to satisfy our lingering doubts of Damien's greatness.

When Stevenson visited the "lazaretto" the martyred priest was already sleeping his last sleep under the tree which had sheltered him on the night of his arrival. His memory was fresh, and no halo of time or the imagination yet enshrouded it. The novelist heard plain facts about a plain man, a peasant, therefore not always kindly in his ways. The conclusion, however, is inevitable: he was not only a good man, he was a great man. "What," says Stevenson, "is a little personal goodness, more or less, in the face of an heroic death? I tell you," he continues to the "reverend gospellers," "all the reforms of lazaretto are properly the work of Damien—Damien crowned with stories and horrors, telling and retelling in that plucky of his under the cliffs of Kalaheva. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public; and that, if you will con-

My spirit, Lord, upon Thy love relying,
To Thee I yield.

I do not ask a respite from the grave;
When duty calls I'll hasten to my grave.
But when my hour shall come, one boon I crave,
To see Thy face.

For Thou hast been my Friend and Brother,
And thro' sweet nature all my joys I've known,
No earthly hand unites me to another,
I stand alone.

For I despise the cant and double-dealing,
Which serve mankind, the humble and the proud;
How hard to find one heart with genuine feeling
In all the crowd.

To Thee, to Thee, O Father, I surrender,
This earthly gift whenever I bear Thy call,
But let my death be swift, the pang be tender,
Yet like a soldier fall.

Failure is often but man's name for God's necessities.



THE RICH FOOL.

Luke xii. 16-21.

The folly that Christ exposed to the crowd of earnest and sceptical listeners much has gathered around him was no foolishness in the eyes of the world. To the superficial observer, the man of the parable was rich in worldly wisdom. He had evidently made his one aim and object to get on in the world, and, like most men who sacrifice principle to push the world, and the devil had rewarded him. By this it must not be thought of necessity that the rich man was a particularly wicked man. On the contrary, we think it more likely that his very wealth bespeaks an outward moral and economical life. His one great sin was that he forgot God, and lived to himself and for himself—his one great folly was that he made his plans for the future as if there was no Overruling Hand, and as if there was no balance of Eternal Justice for mistakes and short-comings practised in Time.

How too many up-to-date intuitives suspect they may be unconscious ones—like the rich man. The great sin of the world to-day is that it forgets God. It does not seek Him in its affairs nor admit Him into its calculations. His judgment on its business deliberations would not be convenient to its not over-scrupulous tactics for getting on in earthly gain and the favor of men. His presence in its pleasures would condemn so many of them, and make impossible the thoughtless plunge into extremes of gaiety and frivolity. So the world makes up its mind to do without Jesus Christ, and making a hedge of its own sin and selfishness, pre-occupies its attention with vanity, vain glory, and vice, and echoes the old-time cry of its Jerusalem ancestors: "We will not have this Man to reign over us." These men live without God, and so, as a natural consequence, so many of them die without Him.

The most pathetic clause in the prosopopoeia man's soliloquy is the assurance which he gives to his own soul, promising ease, plenty, and enjoyment for many years. Many years but when could years satisfy the eternal demands of the soul? Days of earthly comfort and enjoyment might please his lower nature, but must ever fall short of satisfying the spiritual. All the fair promises of earth have this discrepancy, they can but provide for the short to-day, and pass over in utter silence the great needs of tremendous importance of the long to-morrow. Whereas the assurances of true religion, while certainly holding a key of hope for the mystery and darkness of this world's sorrow and perplexity, make their chief promises for the incoming Eternity.

We know the tragic ending—how God suddenly revealed the fact of His existence and power to the soul which had neglected His love and left out His guidance. And so in folly and fearful retribution it is with those who lay up treasure for themselves and are not rich towards God. Man's first, highest, and most successful wisdom is to seek God. All other long-sightedness, as the world calls it, must fall miserably short, and bring about lasting disaster and spiritual bankruptcy.

Speaking of a latter-day example of this sin, a Salvationist pen has written:

"When a man or woman thrusts God out of his or her life, the ruin which follows is in proportion to the soul's capacity for better things, but the ultimate fate of any nation that exalts the gifts of God above the Creator is too terrible to contemplate, too awful for words to describe."

Death is an accident and not an interruption of life's progress.

Hard speech between those who like loved is likeous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sink into vice and rage.

The South African

Cape Town, March 28th.

Green Point Common is situated at the foot of the famous Signal Hill, and about a mile distant from Town proper. This has been the great "feeding" grounds of the British Empire, prepared by the British Army ever since the days of Lord Clive. Tons of foodstuffs have been conveyed straight from the levathans to the great "feeding" grounds. Country and almost every one of the British Empire, prepared by their despatch to the front, and the bones of hundreds of the fellows lie rotting on the South can veldt. Small wonder, then, that the Salvation Army is gathering evidence at Green Point Common over the best interests of Atkins in all those matters pertaining to his soul's salvation.

The camp is within the bounds of Cape Town. The officers' messes of which corps are doing useful service among the troops the way of open-air meetings distribution of Army literature these visits are becoming more and more appreciated by the new ranks and of every regiment—militia, and volunteer. Last the presence of Commissioner with the Chief Secretary and Headquarters' contingent, was inspiration to these local veldt. The afternoon's bombardment camp was of the most searching nature. The Queen's soldiers thickly around, and listened with deepest interest and attention start to finish.

Outside the Boer Prisoners' Camp.

But, oh, if we were only free access into that great enclosure within a stone's throw of Green Point Common open-air. It is the old cycle track of the Town Sports Association, and commodious, so it is said, so like a couple of those which their prisoners, some of whom own Salvation comrades, conducted for service several ago, as buglers and musicians. Alas! alas! they may have the beat of the drum, and a snatch or two of some song and testimony, but can part therein. What a change the joyous freedom of old! A perchance, these distant Army are just now as much sweet souls of some of the silent list their imprisoned condition. It is not ours that we are not in touch with them. The reason to the unhappy faces which have led to their incarceration our kindness to discuss, but pass along outside the enclosure his lines of barbed wire reaching height of ten or twelve feet, and to the unhappy faces which view of the general public, and turn our eyes upward to the sentries who slowly pace behind and forward along the various forms surrounding the enclosure and mauling a full view of the ground, none of us, whatever opinions of the general situation resist a feeling of pity and regret for these poor unfortunate creatures.

Re-opening of Our Work at Bloemfontein.

Bloemfontein is once more ours, but our soldiers are scattered all directions, and not until war is over shall we be able to much headway again in the Free State capital. Major Sven with Baden Scott, entered Bloem with the Highland Brigade formed the rearmend of Lord's army of advance, took the early opportunity of communicating with authorities with regard to our work and was informed that no rest would be imposed upon the Army that we might proceed as if had happened. In days to come things will be done in and the Salvation Army in Bloemfontein for a time out will necessarily be slow. For Sven paid a flying visit to Cape Town for consultation with the Commissioner, who anticipates early call at the Orange Free metropolis. As Gater's column now moving on Bloemfontein, probably later in the course of or two that Capt. Anderson and Warwick have joined the forces there.—G. Stevens, Staff

The South African War.

Cape Town, March 28th, 1900.

Green Point Common is situated at the foot of the famous Signal Hill, and about a mile distant from Cape Town proper. This has been one of the great "feeding" grounds of the British Army ever since the outbreak of hostilities. Tens of thousands of infantry have been encamped here, striding from the levallines that have brought them direct from the old country and almost every other part of the British Empire, preparatory to their despatch to the front, and to-day the bones of hundreds of these brave fellows lie rotting on the South African veldt. Small wonder, therefore, that the Salvation Army is well in evidence at Green Point Camp, watching over the best interests of Tommy Atkins in all those matters pertaining to his soul's salvation.

The camp is within the boundary of Cape Town III., the officers and soldiers of which corps are doing much useful service among the troops in the way of open-air meetings and the distribution of Army literature. And these visits are becoming more and more appreciated by the men of all ranks and of every regiment—regular, militia, and volunteer. Last Sunday the presence of Commissioner Kilbey, with the Chief Steward and a strong Headquarters' contingent, was a real inspiration to these loyal warriors. The afternoon's bombardment of the camp was of the most scorching character. The Queen's soldiers stood thickly around, and listened with the deepest interest and attention from start to finish.

Outside the Boer Prisoners' Camp.

But, oh, if we were only allowed free access into that great enclosure situated within a stone's-throw of the Green Point Common open-air stand! It is the old cycle track of the Cape Town Sports Association, and now accommodates, so it is said, something like a couple of thousand Free State Boer prisoners, some of whom are our own salvation comrades, commanded for service several months ago, as burghers and residents. Ah! and if they may hear the beat of the drum, and probably a snatch or two of some Army song and testimony, but can take no part therein. What a change from the joyous freedom of old! And yet, perchance, these distant Army sounds are just now as music sweet to the souls of some of the silent listeners in their imprisoned condition. The fault is not ours that we are not in closer touch with them. The reasons that have led to their incarceration are not our business to discuss, but as we pass along outside the enclosure, with its lines of barbed wire reaching to a height of ten or twelve feet, and gaze on the unhappy faces within, in full view of the general public, and then turn our eyes inward to the armed sentries who slowly pace backward and forward along the various platforms surrounding the enclosure, commanding a full view of the prison ground, none of us, whatever our opinions of the general situation, can resist a feeling of pity and compassion for these poor unfortunate creatures.

Re-opening of Our Work at Bloemfontein.

Bloemfontein is once more secure to us, but our soldiers are scattered in all directions, and not until after the war is over shall we be able to make much headway again in the Orange Free State capital. Major Swain, with English Scott, entered Bloemfontein with the Highland Brigade, which formed the vanguard of Lord Roberts' army of advance, took the earliest opportunity of communicating with the authorities with regard to our work, and was informed that no restrictions would be imposed upon the Army, and that we might proceed as if nothing had happened. In days to come great things will be done in and through the Salvation Army in Bloemfontein; but for a time our progress will necessarily be slow. Major Swain paid a flying visit to Cape Town for consultation with the Commissioner, who anticipates an early call at the Orange Free State's metropolis. As General's column is now moving on Bloemfontein, we shall probably hear in the course of a day or two that Capt. Anderson and Lieut. Warwick have joined the Salvation forces there.—G. Stevens, Sinf-Capt.



Bible Readings from Jamaica

II—SAUL, THE EX-SALVATIONIST.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

Come and gather round me, comrades, listen to my plaintive lay, While I tell you of a story I was reading yesterday. In the good old Book I read it; you may read it if you wish— 'Tis about the King of Jewry, known as Saul, the son of Kish. He was fair and tall of stature, but he little thought that he would be chosen by Jehovah, King of Israel to be. When he hunted up the asses, God was leading him the while To the Prophet, who well knew him, so anointed him with oil. Then, just as he was with Moses, God was with him right away, Through the Holy Spirit, making him "another man" that day. There could be no doubt about it, for a praying heart he got; So the sinners kept on saying, "Saul has joined the praying lot." You'll forgive me if I linger while I make this picture clear, But he was an out-and-outer, making evil-doers fear. So we're told the Lord was with him, gave him victory in each fight. For salvation had come through him; he became his country's light.

There are some who stand the tempest, strengthened by Jehovah's arm, Who, when wind and wave are quiet, sink beneath the treacherous calm. Such was Saul; instead of keeping humble, willing, watchful, true, When the Lord said, "Saul destroy them!" he said he would spare a few! (Just like those who smoke tobacco, those who wear fundangoes, too; God says they should be "peculiar"; they say they will "spare a few.") We who look back on the story, see Saul's testing-time had come;



SAUL TROUBLED BY THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Not that God's love had departed; not that Saul's work had been done. But because the Lord would try him, test his faithfulness and love— Heave him shine down here for others, ere he shone with Him above! Disobedience brought on lying, as the loving oxen told. In the ears of Prophet Samuel—"Saul would sell us all for gold!" As the bleating sheep repented, loud enough for all to hear—"Dear as God is to our leader, his own self is far more dear!" Samuel would have been no Prophet had he been polite and nice, But he sternly said, "Tis better to obey than sacrifice; Stubbornness is born of witchcraft, rebellion is iniquity— As Jehovah you've rejected, so will you be rejected by."

Time came when those words were proven, when Saul pray'd and none would hear.

When God's presence had departed, and the future looked so drear, When he went to Witch of Endor—summoned Samuel from the dead—"Why has thou disquieted me, and brought me up?" the Prophet said. Then he told the sad, sad story of his own and country's plight, Of the Philistines availing, how he feared the coming fight. Can a saint help a backslider, save he points him to the Cross? Samuel had no word of comfort—"God's against you; all is lost!" In the Word it is recorded how Saul fell, overwhelmed with grief; Spiritualism had not helped him, arm of flesh brought no relief. Often after that he wandered, sometimes crying out to God; But the fruits of disobedience blossomed on his chastening rod; And the clouds hung heavy o'er him and the storm came on apace— They reflected God's rejection, freshly falling on his face! What a climax! What a death-bed! You should often read it through, For the thing that happened to him may occur to me or you: How the Philistines came on him as they'd never done before; How their archers aimed and hit him, as they pressed upon him sore. "Draw thy sword and slay me," said he, to his armor-bearer brave, But he would not slay his master, though he could not hope to save. Then Saul took his sword and placed it so that it might pierce him through. He had fought for life, and lost it, and had lost salvation, too. More remains; you'd better read it: how they severed off the head Of Saul, the ex-Salvationist, when they found that he was dead. Dead; a wretched, poor backslider—hence I tell the story o'er, Asking God to back the warning to us, and to many more.

THE GENERAL ON THE WAR.

INTERESTING COUNSEL.

Writing the other day to one of his officers in a foreign country, the General commented on the war now raging in South Africa.

"All wars," he said, "carry in their bosom much human misery and suffering. This war has already borne its share, and promises to bring forth a still further measure of anguish before its conclusion. Still, so far as it has gone, it will not compare in these respects with the majority of the wars that have gone before it. "You are quite right in supposing that I deplore the conflict. I have ample reasons for doing so, for not only is it opposed to the spirit of the salvation I advocate, but it has already wrought sad havoc among my people in South Africa. Many have been driven from their posts, others have been killed with bitterness; some have been ruined in their temporal circumstances, while others are agonizing in the hospitals, or lying low in their graves.

"But what can I do beyond pleading with God for His intervention, and entreating my people to stand true to their principles as peace-makers between man and man, as well as between man and God. This I have done to the best of my ability, and done, I think, with a considerable measure of success.

"The Object of the Army is to Spread the Religion of Jesus Christ Throughout the World.

Have we not proclaimed, and that from the house-tops, that we will know no man after the flesh; that the distinctions and preferences of nationalities and governments, together with the disputes and differences existing between them, are not our business; that our business is to seek in all countries and climes to reconcile men to God, deliver them from the dominion of their evil habits, marshal them as warriors of the Cross, and fit them for heaven?

"On this rock, by the holy of God, I have built up the Salvation Army. The friendships of Governments and peoples which has so greatly helped us has been largely won on this distinct understanding that we did not involve ourselves, or take sides on questions of national or party politics. How can I possibly depart from this principle of action? To do so would involve a breach of faith with multitudes of my own people, and many of my officers, and would probably lead to divisions which, thank God, have on such subjects been so far practically unknown amongst us. Any departure from this course would be likely to close—at least in a large manner—the wonderful door of opportunity which is at present so widely open before us. Moreover, such a course would, I think, be a distinct departure from the practice followed and approved by Jesus Christ Himself, and His immediate followers.

"Our policy, then, is, and must continue to be, that of the Apostle who said, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

Pray for the Prosperous.

There is one hard thing to bear in this world, and that is prosperity. The fact that we do not feel it as a burden does not affect the truth that it is hard to carry it and yet stand upright. To be honest, generous, considerate, fair, magnanimous, in "prosperity,"—ah! this is not easy. Yet this is what it means to stand upright. Under a worldly prosperity one is in great danger of getting spiritually stooped-shouldered and weak-kneed. Pray for the prosperous!—S. S. Times.

Man soon wears of the worship of humanity.

The twentieth century will offer no greater wonder than that of the nineteenth—the saving power of the Gospel.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Aspect is Growing Darker—Sixty-two Millions Now in Distress—What the Viceroy Said—The Salvation Army's Efforts to Lessen the Suffering—One Hundred Dollars Would Relieve Six Thousand People Every Month Through Our Cheap Grain Depots.

The latest accounts of the Indian famine to reach this country make most heart-rending reading. The vast tracts of country now affected contain a population exceeding eighty-five millions; of these sixty-two millions are more or less severely distressed.

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, stated a few days ago that of these sixty-two million unhappy people, rather more than five millions are receiving Government relief, but that the worst has yet to come.

The Government Relief Scheme, as at present in operation, simply provides for the preservation of the lives of those afflicted by the famine by the supply of grain food, and by the provision of temporary relief works. But a notable feature of the present famine is the enormous loss of milch and plough cattle, which will make it an extremely difficult matter—after the long-looked-for rains have come, and the famine has spent itself—for the village people to recover their property. It is to help them in this struggle that charitable funds will be largely needed.

How to Get a Broken Heart.

The Viceroy, speaking recently at a public meeting in Calcutta, after he had himself visited the famine districts, said:

"If any rich man in this city is in doubt as to whether he should subscribe, I would gladly give him a railway ticket to a famine district, and take what he chose to give me on his return. He might go with a hard heart, he would come back with a broken one."

"There is an ample field for private generosity, both in supplement to that which the State can do, and must do, and often in pursuit of that which the State cannot do at all. . . . We ask your money to provide warm blankets, clothes, and blankets for the poor workers, who spend their nights out of doors, either in the open-air, or under flimsy mats of straw. In the Punjab, as you know, it is still very cold at night. Later on, when the rains come, the same covering will be required to ward off the chills that bring fever and dysentery in their train."

A Moving Picture of Intense Silent Suffering.

Mr. Donald Shenton, member of the Viceroy's Council, who was sent as Special Commissioner to visit the famine-stricken Provinces of India, has described his experience to a Renter representative.

"I traveled," he said, "through Central and part of Western India. The condition of the country is much worse than I anticipated. For hundreds of miles on end not a single stalk of corn or even dry stubble is to be seen, nor yet a blade of green pasture."

"The mortality among cattle is appalling, especially in Northern Bombay and parts of the Punjab, where there is no fodder and no water, and they are dying at the rate of thousands weekly from starvation and thirst."

"The people in many districts are enfeebled by successive bad seasons. They have not recovered from the calamities of 1897. In some districts, poor little children are suffering acutely. Cases of desertion on the part of the parents are not infrequent."

"The officers of the Government have not money enough to do more than merely sustain the lives of the five millions who are now employed on relief works, and of thousands upon thousands of those silent sufferers in deserted villages who would rather die than labor in the relief works."

"More money is wanted, and wanted quickly. I have witnessed two famines, but I think the crisis through

which we are now passing is by far the most acute of the century. Great Britain and Ireland owe a debt to the Indian peasant of millions upon millions. Let the United Kingdom stretch out to her now a helping hand and extricate her from the deadly grip of famine."

What Our Officers have to Face.

Major Bahadur, who has just been visiting some of the famine-stricken districts, writes:

"For the last two weeks I have been visiting different corps throughout the Territory. It was very pitiful to see the poor little naked children turn up for their weekly allowance of famine relief. Several of them had to get their parents to take it for them, as they themselves had no cloth in which to hold it."

This morning I have just returned from the Ahmednagar Division, where we are arranging to erect three small village barracks in order to furnish relief works. In this part the people are still suffering very much through the famine, and tens of thousands have left the villages and gone to the Government relief works. Just near to Ahmednagar, there is a large relief works, where a sort of water tank is being dug close to the mountains, and where something like fifteen thousand people are working. The people are all cramped out, and have small "chapans" to live in, which are all numbered. There is also a small bazaar, where grain, wood, and other necessities are sold. It looks just like a little town cramped out."

Child-Skeletons.

"In one part of the camp I saw 1,300 little children all crowded together. Although the Government gives them a little food during the day while their parents are at work, yet there are many poor little skeletons amongst them, and we could see that many of them could never live to the end of the famine. In fact, some of them looked more like monkeys than children. I should think that the majority of them were without a scrap of clothing, and the coverings of those who had anything on at all was simply composed of dirty, soiled rags. Some of the overseers pleaded with us to give the children some clothing, as it was very cold at night, but as none of us had any money at our disposal, we were sorry to have to refuse them. Most of the poor men, women, and children whom we saw lay on the bare ground, and a few on mats, which were spread in different parts of the sheds."

What We are Doing.

We are dealing with the famine-stricken in Gujarat, Rajputana, Mar-

athi Country and districts in the Punjab, and also assisting in districts like the Telugu Country, where, on account of the famine elsewhere, the grain prices have run beyond the power of the poor people to buy.

I.—Cheap Grain Depots.

We have opened twenty-eight cheap grain depots for the sale of grain at the prices which obtained before the famine, and which involves a loss of twenty-five per cent. to the Salvation Army. This is a form of help especially valued. Grain is more than double, and in some parts treble, the ordinary prices.

We have not full details as to the total number being relieved, but at one of the depots alone our officer sees to the needs of over two thousand men, women, and children. From recent reports we learn that our relief operations in Gujarat and Rajputana alone are as under:

- About three tons of grain were distributed free to old people and village school children.
- Over seven tons of grain were sold at prices prevailing before the famine.
- Over three thousand families, or over twelve thousand persons, were helped.

The provision since that time has been increased, so that more people are now being benefited.

II.—Relief Works.

We try to provide work for those who are able to do it. Work is the form of help that all appreciate most. They want to work; they do not wish to eat the bread of charity. Plans have therefore been made for the assistance of destitute people by famine relief works, such as barracks-building, wells, tanks, and other irrigation works, and supplying seed where cultivation is possible. Twenty barracks on the relief works have already been agreed to be erected in the famine-affected districts.

III.—Cotton for Weavers.

We are supplying cotton to poor weavers, so that they may, by making and selling goods, maintain their families. The latest figures show that 230 families are being maintained in this way. The relief in this direction also has since been increased.

IV.—Famine Children.

In addition to three hundred famine-stricken children gathered into our Industrial Homes some time ago, we have now arranged to increase the number of homeless and helpless orphans and destitute children to over six hundred, which will involve the Salvation Army in the cost of maintenance and education for several years at the rate of £3 10s. per child per annum.

V.—Our Day-School Children.

The children in our 163 Day Schools in the Central Province, now numbering 2,800, we long to help; but we can do so little with so large a number.

We have, therefore, arranged that four hundred of the worst cases shall receive a lunch grain weekly to keep them alive until the famine is over.

When your foes laugh with you your friends will weep.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRAVE WARRIORS.

While the civil struggles were going on, the Romans were continually engaged in warfare with the neighboring tribes. In the spring the warriors would go out to the attack, seize what cattle they could get, and try to capture some towns. In the fall they would return to gather their harvest, and during winter attend to public business and elections.

During these minor wars many men of fame displayed their bravery and nobility, amongst them being Coriolanus. The Romans at that time were besieging a Volscian city, when word was received that the men of Antium were coming to the aid of the Volscians. The Romans made a desperate attack, but were beaten off. All Coriolanus, a young Patrician, rallied them and led them with such spirit that the city was taken before the Antian army came up. When he was brought to the Consul's tent covered with wounds, the latter placed a crown of victory upon his head and granted him a tenth of the spoil and ten slaves of the prisoners. Coriolanus, however, only accepted one, an old friend of his family, whom he set at liberty at once.

On another occasion, when famines threatened Rome, Coriolanus captured corn and cattle from Antium, which he distributed freely, without taking any himself.

Although so generous Coriolanus was proud and reserved, and therefore not popular with the Plebeians or Tribunes. It was decided by the latter to attempt to rally the choice, as well as by withholding a shipload of grain from Sicily. A fierce quarrel followed, resulting in the banishment of Coriolanus. He went quickly after taking farewell of his mother, wife, and children, to Tullus, the Volscian chief, and enlisted in his army to avenge himself on Rome. Together with Tullus he invaded Roman territory, ravaged the country, and he seized the city. Romans of rank tried to turn him from his revengeful plan, but he answered that the Volscians were now his nation. Finally, the women of Rome, headed by his mother and wife, each with a little child, marched out and entreated him to stop the war. His mother threw herself at his feet, which broke his heart. Lifting her up, he cried, "Ah, mother! thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son."

So it proved. When he returned, Tullus, in anger, struck up a tumult, and Coriolanus was killed.

Another Patrician of fame was Cincinnatus, the ablest among the Romans, but stern and grave. At one time the Aequi and Volscians threatened Rome very sorely. Cincinnatus was chosen Dictator, and the news of his election found him on his little farm on the Tiber, holding the plough. He assumed his new office at once, routed the enemy, and after sixteen days resigned his dictatorship, having returned victoriously. Neither would he accept any of the spoil, but returned to his farm. He was rewarded however by his son being recalled from banishment, where he had been sent on account of a charge of murder.

The divisions between the Patricians and Plebeians were still alarming. The tribune, Iulius, succeeded in getting the Aventine Hill granted to the Plebeians, and they had another champion of their cause in Lucius, who had fourteen civic crowns (oak-leaf wreaths given for saving the lives of fellow-citizens), and had received forty-five wounds in battles.

(To be continued.)



FATHER DAMIEN ON HIS DEATH-BED.

[See article, "Heroes of the Cross," on page 2.]

"If we walk with God we will not be asking, 'What is the harm of this or that?' The question will be, 'What is the good?' If the thing does not help us, we will give it up for something better."

The Year

"Money seems nowadays," said a companion, "save."

"Aye, and it's harder."

"Twenty years in a week than a year."

"Well, that's to work hard and live; but, the health and strength."

"Yes, thank God, I sold old Jim."

"If the Army had might have been by now."

Jim spoke true. A clever cabinet-maker earned good wages and grew tired especially as his union. Soon his lionship of old and his restless kinds of mischief as quickly as the high and fast, stronger, and lo-

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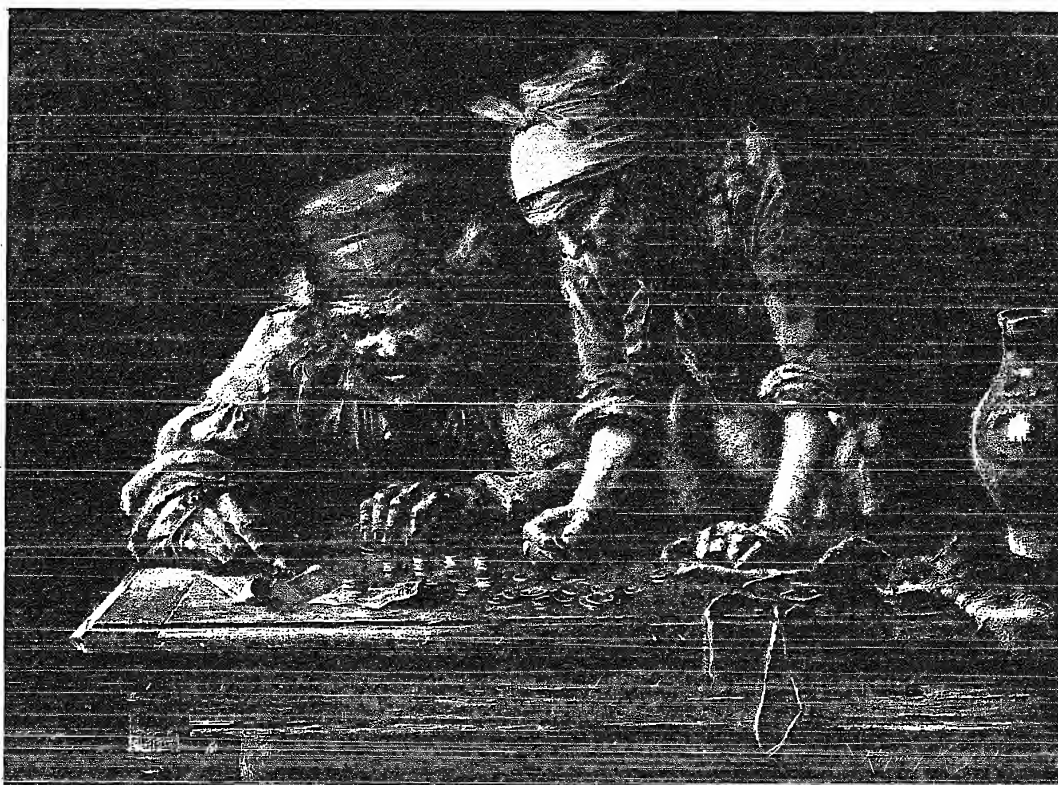
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THE YEAR'S SAVINGS

"Money seems awfully hard to earn nowadays," said old Jim to his life's companion, Sarah.

"Money seems awfully hard to earn nowadays," said old Jim to his life's companion, Sarah.

"Aye, and it is," was Sarah's rejoinder.

"Twenty years ago I earned more in a week than I can now save in a year."

"Well, that's very true. We have to work hard in our old age for a living; but, thank God, we have the health and strength to do it."

"Yes, thank God for that," fervently said old Jia. "Thank God for that. If the Army had not come after me, I might have been in a drunkard's grave here."

Jim spoke truly. He had been a clever cabinet-maker in his youth and earned good wages. He married early and grew rich early, of married life especially as no child had blessed the union. He had a large family of friendship of old friends at the saloon and his restless nature led him into all kinds of mischief. His money went so quickly as it was earned. He lived a life of dissipation, he had a wife and a daughter, and left him weaker in character every day. Gambling helped on his ruin, and a burglary in which he was implicated, led to the killing of a man. Jim, as a accomplice, was sentenced to prison for life. He was released while his companion in crime was hanged. Jim left the prison a worse man than he entered it, and commenced at once a career of crime and

The Army caught him drunk on the street, sobered him up, and took a kindly interest in him. A few months later Jim got converted, and set at once to work to find his long-deserted wife. After some time the two were re-united, and Jim started a little carpenter and repair shop.

"Well, I think I shall give one-half to the Army's Self-Denial Fund," said Jim, after the total sum had been ascertained. "It is the least I can do. It wouldn't be self-denial if I give that which I can easily spare."

"Right you are, Jim," replied Sarah. "I am glad enough that we have it to give. The Lord will not fail us. He has promised us our bread and water and I'd rather have a crust with Jesus than an easy life and a guilty conscience."

"Thank God for salvation! It is wonderful what it does for a sinner. I never hoped to have such happiness in store for my old age. I have half a mind to give our whole savings to the Self-Denial Fund." And a salty tear slowly found its way down the wrinkled cheek.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

✱ THE WEEK ✱

✱ THE WEEK ✱

May 8th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

General Boers has begun his advance northward. The Boers have been pressed before the British advance, which is said to number five to each Boer. Thaba N'Chin, Brandfort, and Winburg have been occupied by the British. The Boers have suffered a heavy loss in the Vaal River. Maxim guns and 25 prisoners were captured in this last engagement. The fighting throughout the week has been frequent, but not persistent. Casualties on both sides are heavy. The line of march are scattered; many rifles and much ammunition have been discovered. — Mafeking is still holding out, and there appears to be little hope of its being relieved. — The cost of the war up to March 31st was £23,250,000. — General White has received the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. — The Boers are receiving supplies of food stored in the Loireux Mariner.

CANADIAN CULLINGS.

Four tankers, while chugging a hole with dynamite, on the Rainy River Railway, were blown to atoms.—A handbills in Quebec swept two houses away near Hallow, and an Inter-colonial Express was wrecked.—The Mansion House Fund (Lord's Day) in London, for the relief of the sufferers, amounts to \$80,000.—The town of Sandon, B. C., was totally destroyed by fire.—The steamer *Marie Louise* was burned at Lindsay.—A great inundation of Japanese to Seattle, B. C., has been reported. In place, 30,000 Japanese are reported to have booked for British Columbia this summer.—The building laborers, of London, and the weavers of Hamilton Cotton Mills, are our own scribbles.—The Laurette Pulp and Paper Mills, at St. John's, N. B., were destroyed by fire, making printing paper more scarce than ever.

AMERICAN NEWS.

Over 100 people lost their lives by an explosion in the Pleasant Valley Company's coal mine, at Schofield, Utah. —|-The 29th Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is convened at Chicago. —|-The House of Representatives passed the Nicaragua Canal Bill by a vote of 225 to 35; the cost is estimated at \$140,000,000. —|-Michigan forest fires have destroyed several small towns, and threaten others.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS

The prospect of selling the Danish West Indies to the United States has been given up. The insurgents made a strong demonstration of loyalty to Denmark.—[Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has visited Emperor Wil-
lam of Germany, at Berlin.]—The Duke of York has gone to Berlin on the occasion of the German Crown Prince's coming of age.—[A rising of Belgian peasants is assuming serious features.]—Cholera is raging in the famine-stricken districts of India.—[The inventor of the automobile, a new invention in the form of a smoke-
shell to hide the army's movements from the enemy.]

Editor's Notes

OTTAWA'S GREAT LOSS.

We are endeavoring to establish our Resene Home in the Imperial City. We lost everything in the great conflagration a short time ago. Any contributions to this fund will be gratefully received. Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to Evangeline B. B. S. A. Temple, Toronto.

CYCLING CRUSADERS COMING.

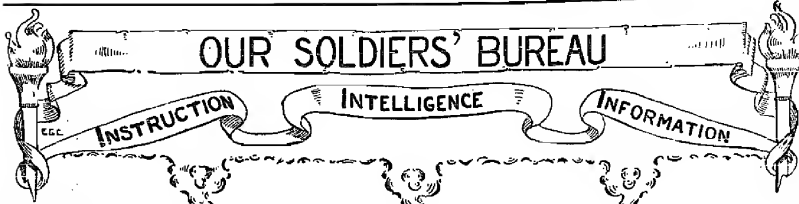
The Commissioner will shortly visit Montreal and other places in East and Central Ontario, accompanied by the United Crusaders on wheels. Colonel Jacobs will accompany the Commissioner also, and there will be some good music and singing in connection with the tent meetings to be conducted on the trip. Full details will be given in a future issue.

EASTER SONG'S AUTHOR.

We find that on the back page of our Easter War Cry the name of Prof. Wiggins only was mentioned in connection with the song, "Bleeding and Dying," as we knew not the author of the words. We have been informed since that our former comrade, now Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, of Pittsburg composed the words; the music only by Prof. Wiggins. We are pleased to give due credit to Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams.

CLARK'S BEACH (NFLD.) SCHOOL.

In a recent article touching on S. A. Day Schools, Clark's Bench was mentioned with other places where the Army conducts schools. Captain Moore writes to say that the Day School in that place is not an Army Institution, although taught by an S. A. officer, but is under the supervision of a Reformed Episcopal Board of Education. We gladly make this explanation.



Terse Topics.

STILL STARVING.

In a letter from a Staff Officer in Bombay, which speaks of the splendid service which the Government officials are rendering to the starvation-stricken millions of India, he says, "The actual worst of the famine is, no doubt, still in front of us." The words strike a knell of terror to every sympathetic heart that reads them. The suffering, sickness, and death which has been the portion of our poor, dusky brethren for so long has been so extreme that we can scarcely estimate to what lengths their distress may go when we hear that "the worst is yet to come." Poor India! Many thoughts fill our minds and interests claim our attention. The news of nations' strife can but make strong impressions upon us, the many opportunities and events of our own war for righteousness fill our hearts—but if our spirit has been touched by that compassion which is the characteristic of true Christianity we must not, and shall not, forget our starving brothers and despairing sisters across the seas. We owe them prayer—they shall have it, but, and tender, and full of faith before the Throne. We owe them what practical help it may be in our power to offer, and unostentatiously and self-sacrificingly it shall be given in the name of their suffering and our Saviour's love.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14.

The Cross, and Passion, and Thy precious death,
While I have mortal breath
Still be my spring of love, and work, and praise,
The life of all my days;
Till all this mystery of love supreme
Be solved in glory, glory's endless theme.

MONDAY.—"These things I have spoken unto you, that my joy might remain with you."—John xv. 11.

Oh, joy abiding and Divine!
Not mine at all, but Thine,
Or else not any joy to me!
For a joy that flowed not from Thine
own.

TUESDAY.—"A tried stone."—Isa. xxviii. 16.

Through the yesterday of ages,
Jeans, Thou hast been the same;
Through our own life's chequered
pages,
Still the one dear changeless name!

WEDNESDAY.—"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John xiv. 19.

Everlasting love Thou givest,
Everlasting love to see;
They shall live because Thou livest,
And their life is hid in Thee.

THURSDAY.—"I will water it every moment."—Isa. xxvii. 3.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me;
Make me really, hour by hour,
More and more conformed to Thee.

FRIDAY.—"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."—Isa. lix. 19.

Blessed Spirit lift the standard,
Pour Thy grace and shed Thy light!
Lift the veil and loose the fetter,
Come with new and quickening might.

SATURDAY.—Whom have I in heaven but Thee?—Psa. lxxlii. 25.

"He is thy Lord?" Thyself, O Saviour dear,
And another. Whom have I but Thee
In heaven or earth? and whom should I desire?
For Thou has said, "So shall the King desire thee."

A SOLDIER'S SERMON.

Taken from the Report of a War Correspondent at the Front.

"He was standing at eventide facing the rough and rugged heights of Ensin. The crimson-tinted clouds that enlazoned the sky cast a rugged radiance about his head and face, making him appear like one of those ancient martyrs one is apt to see on stained-glass windows in old-world churches in Rome or Venice. His face was firmly planted close to the graves of the British soldiers who had fallen when we beat the Boers and drove them back upon the Molder River.

"In one hand he held a little well-worn Bible; the other was raised high above his close-cropped head, whilst his voice rang out on the sunny, storm-lashed air like the clang of steel on steel.

"Prepare ye to meet yer God!"
"No one who looked at the neat, strong figure, arrayed in the plain khaki uniform of a private soldier at the clean-shaven, square-jawed face at the fearless grey-blue eyes, could doubt either his honesty or earnestness.

"Prepare ye to meet yer God!"
"To the right of him the long line of kopje; to the left the velvet, with its wealth of grey-green grass, sown by the benighted hand of the Hottentot; all around him, excepting where the graves raised their red-brown furrows, rows of soldiers lay, listening to the old, old story of man's weakness and eternal shame, and Christ's love and everlasting pity.

"Prepare ye to meet yer God!"
"Rough as the thrust of a broken bayonet was his speech, unskilled in rhetoric his tongue, his periods as unrounded as flying fragments of shrapnel shell; yet all who listened knew that every word came from the speaker's soul, from the magazine of truth. Some London shun had been his cradle, the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had ever known.

"Once more we heard the distant batteries speak to those whose hands had rudely grasped the Empire's flag, and every rock, and hill, and crag, and strong height took up the echo like a lion's roar, until the whispering wind was treacherous with sound. Then all was hushed except the preacher's voice.

"Prepare ye to meet yer God!" I've come to tell yer all about a General Whose armies hold the City of Eternal Life. If you are wounded, throw yer rifles down, and 'E'll send the ambulance of 'is love with Red Cross Angels, and 'is adjutant, whose name is Mercy, to dress yer wounds. 'Eep down yer rifles and surrender. No rebels can enter the City of Eternal Life. You can't storm their walls, or take their gates at their point of their bayonet for their ramparts are guarded, and their sentries never sleep. When their bugles sound their blast revolve yer will ever war, and their colonel, whose name is Death, gives the order for march, you'll have no time to fear about. If yer landlady are full of faith, and yer rifles are sighted with good works. Yer uniforms may be ragged, and yer map

not even have a corporal's stripe to show, but if yer can pass ther's a thins fearlessly, you'll find a general's commission waitin' for yer just inside ther gate. But yer can't fud with my General. Remember this, ther password is "Repentance," and nuthink else will do. The sanny on duty will see you comin' and will challenge you. "Who goes there?" "Friend!" "Advance friend and give ther countersign!" If you say "Good works" you'll find 'is bright up against yer chest. If yer say you forgot it you'll be in ther clink of 'ell in ther twinkling of an eye; but if yer say, loud and clear, "Repentance," 'e will lower 'is baynet and say, "Pass, friend; all's well!"

LOST DAYS—A WARNING.

Their advent is as silent as their going;
They have no voice nor utter any speech,
No whispered murmur passes each to each,
As on the bosom of the year's stream flowing.
They pass beyond recall, beyond our knowing,
Farther than sight can pierce, or thought can search;
Nor shall we ever hear them on Time's beach.
No matter how the winds of life are blowing.

They bide their time, they wait the awful warning,
Of that dreary day, when hearts and graves unsealing,
The trumpet's note shall call the sea and sod
To yield their secrets to the sun's revealing;
What voices then shall thrill the Judgment Morning,
As our lost days shall cry about to God!

What a Soldier Should Know.

Ignorance no Virtue.

The chief purpose in life of a Salvation Soldier is to bring honor to God and to be useful to his fellow-men. Therefore, every Salvation Soldier should qualify himself to the utmost for the very important work God may have for him to do in the future. Knowledge is power. The more a soldier knows, the more intelligence he has, the greater will be his ability to glorify God and advance the interests of His Kingdom, supposing always that such knowledge is fully consecrated. No Salvation Soldier should be discouraged on account of the smallness of his stock of knowledge, but at once set himself to acquire more. He can be quite sure that if he will improve his opportunities he will be successful.

How to Improve the Mind.

In seeking to improve his mind, two or three simple rules should be acted upon by the Salvationist.

He must be willing to be at trouble. He should strive to learn something every day.

He should never be discouraged because he does not make very rapid improvement.

He must not attempt too much at once. He should read carefully as he has opportunity.

How to Read.

To read with profit, the Salvation Soldier must actually learn something from everything he reads. There must be some fact or idea about which he reads, that he retains in his memory;

otherwise he will be no wiser than he was. Therefore, to read profitably, say, an article in the War Cry, he must read it with care, and remember what he reads.

Remember.

Getting instruction is like getting money. If a man gets a dollar and puts it into a pocket with a hole in it, he is no richer at the end of the day, even if he has got twenty dollars in this way. But if there is no hole in his pocket, by the end of the day he will have twenty dollars. Just so, a man reads twenty things in the War Cry. If they slip through his mind they will be gone at the end of the day, whereas, if he remembers them he will have them, and if he cares to remember them they will be his for ever.

Think.

To profit by what he reads, he must think about it afterwards. Reading is like eating; thinking about what is read is like digestion. It is not what a man eats that does him good, but what he properly digests. Rightly-digested food turns into blood, and flesh, and bones, and is there for after service. Just so, it is not what he hears that benefits him, but what he thinks about, and so understands and remembers, and thereby, so to speak, becomes a part of him. He should cultivate the habit of thinking when at work, or walking about the roads, or whenever he has the opportunity.

Real Value of a Book.

Reading is only of value so far as it is calculated to assist the Salvation Soldier to love God with all his heart, and a holy and happy life himself, and save the greatest number of souls. All reading that does not serve this purpose should be avoided. This will shut out the reading of most of the books that are written for mere amusement, except where such may be used for re-creating the mind when run down and enfeebled by overwork.

What to Read.

The Bible. This should be read regularly, thoughtfully, and prayerfully. He will find it useful to read a few verses at a time on his knees, commit a text to memory every day, and otherwise frequently consider and reflect upon the wonderful teaching of the word of God. Then he will, with safety and profit, read our own publications. He should and must read the War Cry. If he wants a wider field of reading, the lives of holy and useful men will be helpful to him. He may also take on to his list histories, travels, geographies, and other books on the arts and sciences, if they are likely to help him in his own trade or profession, or to develop ability which is likely to be useful to the Army and his fellow-men. The newspapers may be looked into, in order to keep him informed as to what God Himself is doing on the earth, or something man to do; but this must be done with moderation, otherwise it will become a snare to him.

A Prayer 260 Years Old.

Oh! that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always

From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thoughts might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each deed, and word, and thought,

Thy name to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eyes

Oh! Thine is fixed, to Thee I cry:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part,
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it

too,
For that is more than I can do.

Thomas Elwood, 1629, A.D.

The Warning of Ease.

Nature is cruel with warnings. Pain is a warning of one kind, and ease is a warning of another kind. When work that is worth doing becomes very easy to us, we are generally reminded that we are not doing it as well as we might. Higher excellence is impossible when we are satisfied to do a thing easily. Only in the challenge of the difficult lies the possibility of progress.

The War Cry.

The Salvation Army Amongst the Indians.

The Christian Guardian of May 2nd contains a long editorial reference to our work among the Indians of British Columbia, closing with the following sentences:

"We will insist that our people, who so liberally support the Salvation Army, shall know fully of the course pursued by Salvation Army officers towards our work in these distant fields. The work built up by Crosby, and Tate, and Green, and Pierce, and Jennings, and others, should not be pulled down by the unbrotherly and unnecessary intrusion of the Salvation Army officers."

We believe we have given very full information in the columns of the War Cry of the course pursued by us in those distant fields, and have never made any attempt to keep secret any part of it. Considering also that our Territorial Headquarters had a very lengthy and exhausting correspondence with the Mission Superintendent of the Methodist Church upon the subject, and that we made our wish known to avoid anything that would be unbrotherly and of an intrusive nature, we can only presume that the writer of the above-referred-to editorial is not acquainted with that correspondence, which is in file in the same building where his office is located. Furthermore, we have always most gladly given information to our contributors who desired explanation on any point in reference to our work. It is rather a sweeping statement to say that the Salvation Army officers "pulled down" the work "built up by Crosby, and Tate, and Green, and Pierce, and Jennings, and others, by an unbrotherly and unnecessary intrusion."

(The reference to our Newfoundland work being an intrusion also is simply preposterous.)

We stated on a former occasion that as long as ten years ago, Indians who came down to Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster, during the fishing season, attended our regular meetings in those cities, and a small number came to our penitential form (voluntarily) seeking salvation. Some of these converts, who spoke fair English, were, after the customary time of recruitment, enrolled in their request as soldiers, by the officers in charge. About these converts, the Editor of the Christian Guardian writes:

"Now, we are informed that these Indians who came down the coast from Port Simpson and Port Essington, went not as men ignorant of the plan of salvation; for many of them had professed conversion long before the Salvation Army had an existence in British Columbia."

"As can be seen on the official roll of the Army at Victoria, certain Indians of Port Essington, Port Simpson, and other places, were enrolled. These Indians did not speak as raw recruits, but as men of experience in the Christian life."

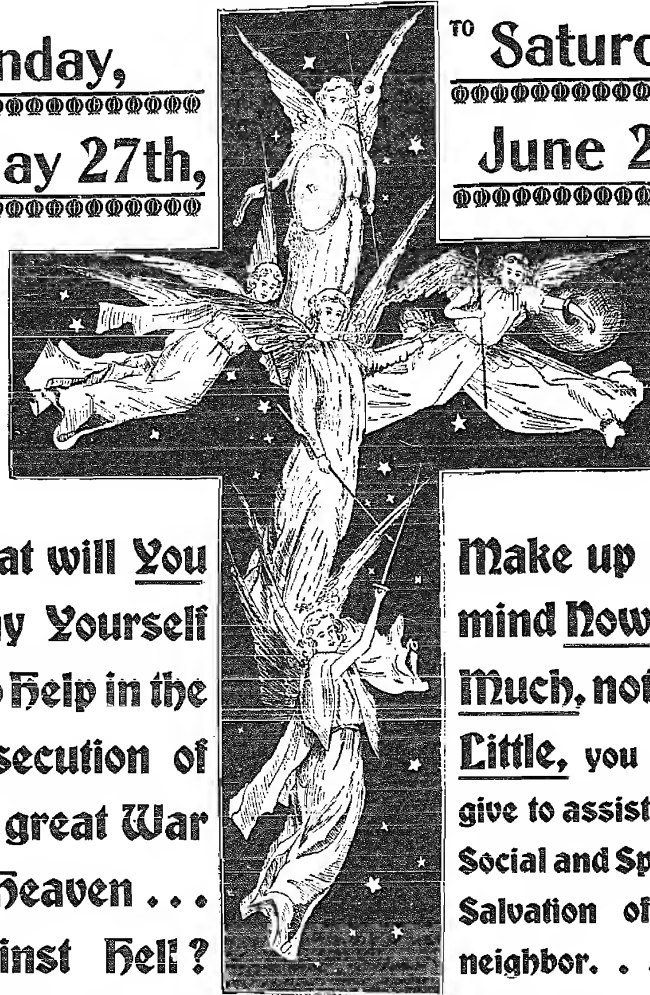
"Did the officers in charge at the time refer the enrolment of these Indians to their missionaries in the far north? Did they advise them to return home and be loyal to the faithful men that had for years labored to lead them to Christ? Not a word that we learn."

We would reply that some of these Indians whom our friend describes as "men of experience in the Christian life," were well known as living at the time very un-Christian lives, and their conversion through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army was genuine from the change of life at once evidenced. Our officers dealt with men of the deepest dye every day, who once had an experience in the Christian life. In our Shelters can be found men of education of all vocations, including former ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, doctors, and others, who once were undeniably leading Christian lives, but who have fallen and are now anything but Christian. Does our friend mean to set on the doctrine that once a man has been an offender as a Christian, nobody must make an effort to save him, even though he desires and solicits such help?

SELF-DENIAL WEEK

Sunday,
May 27th,
June 2nd.

To Saturday,
June 2nd.



What will You
Deny Yourself
of to Help in the
prosecution of
the great War
of Heaven...
against Hell?

Make up your
mind Now how
Much, not how
Little, you can...
give to assist in the
Social and Spiritual
Salvation of your
neighbor.

Of course we shall be told of the white man's superiority of judgment, etc., while the Indians are mere children. I decidedly dispute that assertion, having met many an Indian who was as capable to choose for himself in which way he desired to worship God as many a white man.

Nevertheless, the General, on one of his visits, carefully inquired into the case, and left his personal instructions how to proceed in the most friendly manner to any missionary. The Indians WERE TOLD to associate themselves with the missionaries, and received for years only denials of officers and no "encouraging replies" of any sort.

Further, we wish to say that our people did not make proselytes. The few Indians who were converted at our meetings in the coast cities, and who were enrolled (the number of actually-enrolled Indians has always been very small on the roll calls of Victoria, Vancouver, and New Westminster) went back to their northern villages full of fire and zeal, telling others of their new-found joy. The missionaries saw the effect of the Army's work, and were desirous of producing like effect, which was a very laudable desire. One of the missionaries invented a Salvation Army of his own, and called it "Band of Christian Workers." For his paraphernalia he sent to the Army Headquarters, Toronto, securing drummers, timbrels, Army Song Books, music

books, brass, etc., which were sent to him. All this time we had no connection with the few Indian converts whose names were on the rolls of Vancouver and Victoria, and did not make any effort whatever to interfere with the missionaries. "The Christian Band of Workers" started well, but did not continue so. The missionary, for whose specific work we have only appreciation and praise, found it incongruous to have the fringe-work of the Salvation Army without its peculiar life and spirit. As a result the Indians wanted to have the real thing. Their appetite for it had been whetted, and when they went to the Fraser River the next time they sought out the Army and asked for officers to be sent. A thing was promised, but their requests and petitions became so numerous and so persistent that notice had to be taken. Two special officers were despatched to report on the conditions at Port Simpson, and upon the reports mentioning that certain missionaries considered any steps on our part to establish a local work an intrusion, we withdrew to allow more time for consideration. That was in the Spring of 1895. Until the year 1890—for four years more—we declined to send officers. Between two and three hundred Indians professed to be converted through the efforts of the handful of Indians who sought salvation at the Army penitential form of the coast cities. They banded

themselves together into corps, formed a brass band in one place, built themselves barracks, and elected officers from their midst, without direction or encouragement from our Headquarters. What fair-minded person can, under these circumstances, blame the Salvation Army for the work which was almost spontaneous? We can only find a just reply by referring anyone who condemns us in these matters to the words of Gamaliel, "If this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it: lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

For years the irregular Indian Salvation Army stood the test of persecution and slander, but survived and retained a strong faith and Christian spirit. Then we felt morally bound to take over these corps and unite them with the world-wide Salvation Army, and bring them under our discipline. We seek to proselytes, but are now endeavoring to centralize our work in a new village, where there is no other agency represented, and are also extending our efforts into purely heathen villages.

We emphatically refute the assertion of having robbed the Methodist Church of her Indian converts. We also consider the assertion of "wasting the Lord's money by sending officers to 'Christianize the Indian Indians' as made entirely without inquiring into the facts of the case.

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WEEK
Saturday,
June 2nd.



Make up your
mind now how
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little, you can . .
to assist in the
material and spiritual
salvation of your
neighbor.

...selves together into corps, form brass band in one place, built themselves barracks, and elected officers from their midst, without direct encouragement from our Headquarters. What fair-minded person under these circumstances, blame Salvation Army for the work was almost spontaneous? We only find a just reply by condemning anyone who condemns in these matters to the of Gamaliel. "If this be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be even to fight against God." Years the irregular Indian Salvation Army stood the test of persecution and slander, but survived and gained a strong faith and Christian Then we felt morally bound to cover these corps and unite them with the world-wide Salvation Army. The soldiers had come believing for great things, and the open-air was full of that spirit of expectancy which should be in all soul-saving meetings.

THE WAR CRY.

THE KOOTENAI KLIMAX

The Commissioner Finishes Her Visit to the Pacific Province.

Nelson had no Building Large Enough to Accommodate the Crowds who Wanted to Hear Miss Booth—Rossland's Royal Reception—Citizens Delighted with the Visit—Souls Saved—Excellent Soldiers in Prayer Meeting—An All-Round Success.

THE Commissioner's visit to Nelson and Rossland has been a huge triumph from the moment of her arrival until her departure. The impression made, the affection shown, the enthusiasm of the people, the intense interest aroused, combined to make the meetings unusually good in every sense of the word.

The Commissioner arrived at Nelson by boat on Friday night. Hundreds of citizens had gathered on the wharf to give her a welcome, while the soldiers and band of the Nelson corps met her in strong force. The band appeared in a new uniform specially got up for the occasion, and dressed in sailor costume, they certainly presented a fine appearance. They can play, too; and, better still, they can fight. More than one old hand present remarked they were like the Blue and Buff Salvationists of days gone by, and reminded them of the days long ago when they were privileged to lead on men of this stamp.

But to come back to the Commissioner—long-to-look-for, but here at last. The band struck up, and leading the way, piloted the Commissioner to the quarters, where she spoke a few words of cheer and encouragement to the band and soldiers, who heartily applauded it.

Saturday night was not the best for a crowd, and many were disappointed at not being able to get away from business to hear the Commissioner. Nevertheless, the Opera House was crowded to the doors, who listened most attentively to the Commissioner's talk on sin and prison experience. The crowd was composed of all classes of people, who were swayed by the speaker at will. They laughed, and cheered, and cried, but thoroughly enjoyed all they heard. Willie and Pearl carried the crowd with their drills and exercises, and amid great enthusiasm the first meeting was brought to a close.

SUNDAY'S SERVICES.

The Sunday morning holiness meeting was conducted by Major and Mrs. Hargrave, and a large number of people gathered and the result was one volunteer for salvation, and one for the blessing of a clean heart.

When the Commissioner appeared on the platform in the afternoon, the Opera House was gorged. There was no more room, and if we could have obtained a larger building, we should have had no difficulty in filling it, but as there was no other, we had to be satisfied. My pen fails me in attempting to describe the meeting. Right from the beginning things went with a swing. The Commissioner, divinely inspired, poured out the truth with mighty effect. No unconverted person escaped. The Commissioner appealed with all the tenderness of her heart, and again thundered forth the judgments of God to the sinner. It was a crisis to some, and, again, we reluctantly closed the meeting with no results.

The night meeting was, beyond doubt, the best. Gorged to the utmost limit, the Opera House presented a striking appearance.

Hundreds of people, anxious to hear the Commissioner, were unable to get in. The soldiers had come believing for great things, and the open-air was full of that spirit of expectancy which should be in all soul-saving meetings.

We Have Souls—and Souls We Had.

The Commissioner's address carried the crowd. Now taking them up to the Cross, they were clearly shown what it meant for Jesus to suffer; then describing the glories of heaven, the crowd was swayed to and fro at will. The Holy Spirit was moving about the building, conviction seized many hearts, and as they were shown the willingness of God to forgive, we felt that there were some in that crowd who would yield themselves to God and get saved.

Quickly and quietly the prayer meeting started. The first to come was a young woman, sister of one of the band leaders. She was followed by a young man. How those soldiers prayed and took hold! They worked, and prayed, and sang us through the salvation of every soul depended upon them individually. It was a glorious sight to see one after another march into the Mercy Seat. The young man who got saved in the morning meeting, brought another claim with him at night, as previously arranged. He held out a long time, but eventually rose up and came boldly out for salvation. The soldiers shouted for joy, and altogether we rejoiced for the magnificent victory won.

Ten Souls Sought the Saviour, and ten people went home rejoicing in the salvation of God.

The enthusiasm and spirit was excellent, everybody fighting to a finish. Never in the history of Nelson have there been such meetings, and when the Commissioner comes back she will receive a hearty welcome.

The "Golden City" Welcome.

Rossland, on the Monday night, was the next on the program. We reached there at noon, and if it were possible, the Commissioner received a bigger welcome than at Nelson. The Depot was crowded with people, while outside the band played "Welcome Home." The Juniors were there in strong force, and friends and citizens had come to give the Commissioner a warm welcome to "The Golden City of the Kootenays."

Will the meetings ever be forgotten? The welcome meeting, in the magnificent Army barracks, was beyond all expectation. Crowded to the doors, windows full, and sidewalk jammed, many give some faint idea of the condition of things.

A welcome address to the Commissioner, from the officers and soldiers, was read by the Treasurer, after which Miss Booth was introduced by the Provincial Officer. The Commissioner briefly replied, and then we got down to business. Willie and Pearl made a satisfactory debut, while Major Smeaton made an eloquent

speech suitable to the occasion. The Commissioner celebrated everybody with her playing on the harp, and Mrs. Major Hargrave sang a solo, which made a deep impression on the reporter, judging from the newspaper reports!

The Rossland Miner, of April 24th, has a very nice editorial and full account of the meeting, which is given herewith:

[The Rossland Miner.]

Miss Eva Booth.

HER ADDRESS AT THE SALVATION ARMY HALL—NO STANDING ROOM IS LEFT.

Features of the Evening—A Scene of Intense Feeling—The Adopted Children and their Musical Drill—The Vocal and Harp Solos.

The Salvation Army Hall was crowded to the doors last night. There was neither sitting room nor standing room left. A crowd blocked the open doors from the sidewalk, and from this vantage point, and from one or two accessible windows, a few more were enabled to witness the proceedings.

After the opening song and a prayer the welcome address was read by Treasurer Blumer, on behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Rossland corps. Major Hargrave then introduced Commissioner Eva Booth to the crowded hall.

Miss Booth spoke a few words and then presented to the audience two of her adopted children, orphans, the charge of whom she had undertaken from their infancy. These infants, known as Willie, a fat-backed Canadian, and his adopted sister Pearl, who was taken charge of by the Commissioner in the Old Country, went through a series of hand drills to the accompaniment of a mandolin played by Elsie Griffith. A harp solo was then given by Miss Booth, who has a fine touch. A short address followed by Major Smeaton, the Comptroller of Finance, Toronto. Mrs. Major Hargrave sang a solo in charming style. She possesses a clear and caressing voice, the sweet melody of which, ringing through the hall, was emphasized by the hearty manner in which the refrain was taken.

After a few preface remarks by Major Hargrave, who said that Miss Eva Booth had been under great strain for the past few days during the impressive meetings they had in Nelson, the Commissioner then began her address.

Miss Booth was evidently tired, but she quickly warned to her theme, and with her first sentences disoriented the assemblage. Taking as the subject of her address the Rock of Ages, she said that there was a mighty host on their way to the haven beyond the skies. The Salvation Army alone, whose banner moved round the world, numbered its hundreds of thousands. All these were part of the great host who were marching to the words of the soul-stirring song, the Rock of Ages.



A Long, Wearysome Ride.

The whole audience, led by the Commissioner, sang the words of the hymn. It was easily to be seen that the great crowd were listening to every word of her rapid and fervid, yet clear and distinct, utterance.

"While He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." Taking this for the text of the second part of her discourse, Miss Booth said that in her opinion this was the best verse in the Bible.

It appealed to her, first, through its definiteness. There was no if's, or may's, or ought's, or perhaps's, or anything indefinite about it; it was absolute. He is able to save. No conditions but to come to God through Christ. That was sufficient.

Miss Booth at an early period had forgotten her lassitude. Everything but the theme and her audience. One woman fainted, and a surge of feeling swept through the audience. She continued saying that the verse attracted her because of its greatness and wideness. There was nothing small, nothing narrow about it. It went up, oh, to such a height, and down, oh, to such a depth, and round such a width. There was no limits, she declared, no limits; it went down to the lowest depths of man's abyss of misery, and helped it; it went on among all people and helped, and it went up, and up, and up beyond the choruses of angels, of children, of soldiers of Christ, up to its climax, the bosom of the Almighty.

And lastly, Miss Booth said, there was its infinite wideness. In the sands of India, in the forests of Africa, the mountains of Switzerland, she wished she could take the audience with her to see; in the valleys of Italy, the hills of the Swedes, amongst the Germans and the Dutch, in the Arctic regions and in the tropic zone the Salvation Army was teaching, was praying, was preaching, was proving that He is able to save.

This concluded one of the most eloquent discourses that has ever been heard in this city.

"Miss Booth in Rags."

Tuesday night, "Miss Booth in Rags," drew an immense audience to the Miners' Hall. Aisles, windows, doors, platform, in fact all available space was filled, and hundreds turned away disappointed. To the Salvationist this meeting was ideal, and from beginning to end the Commissioner kept the attention of the audience. No one knew how much it cost the Commissioner to deliver her address, as she was physically unfit, but she went bravely on and did magnificently. The Rossland Miner devoted considerable space to the meeting, and gives the following excellent report:

[The Rossland Miner.]

"Miss Booth in Rags."

She Tells of Her Life in London Slums and Prisons—Some Pathetic Incidents.

The audience which greeted the Field Commissioner of the Salvation Army, Miss Eva Booth, at the Miners' Union Hall last evening, crowded that building to its utmost capacity. Not only was every seat filled, but every available foot of standing room was occupied, and after the platform had been utilized for the accommodation of those who could not find even standing space in the body of the hall, hundreds of people were turned away. The meeting was a highly-successful one in every particular, and was gratifying not only to Miss Booth, but to the members of the Army here. The impression which the Commissioner made upon her audience was a most pleasing one, and no doubt if Miss Booth were content to stay in Rossland on a protracted visit, she could fill the hall nightly for some time to come. Apart from her own address, the features of the evening were highly interesting. The singing of the two little children, who have been adopted by Miss Booth, was extremely good, and merited the applause which it received from the house. When the Commissioner came on the platform she was received in a cordial manner by the crowded room, and from that time till the close of the meeting it was so hot that the attention of those present was centred. After some preliminary exercises Commissioner Booth began her address, which was a recital of her experience in the slums

(Continued on Page 12.)

Best Report of the Week

Increase no Object!
GLACE BAY.—Our donation for the Indian famine fund amounted to

NEW GLASGOW.—I am pleased to report a good week of sailing.

THURSDAY.—A grand day Easter Sunday. At night the barracks so crowded that some people had to stand, or sit on the floor. Finished up the day at the respectable hour of 12 o'clock with one soul in the Fountain. Easter War Cry the best for years; they sold like hot cakes, not one left for Sunday, had a hard job to keep one for ourselves.—Capt. A. Ryan, and Lieut. S. Nelson.

MRS.
MAYBEE,
War Cry
Boomer, of
Charlotte-
town, PEI

VVV

A strong and invincible conviction renewed fellowship with a merciful Father and God, effected by the Son, and, as the offspring and product of this conviction, or in other words of this living faith, a life of love and righteousness, morality.—Elihu.

Whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, and not for anything else, is called "play," the pleasing thing, not the useful thing. The first of all English games is making money. That is an all-absorbing game; and it knocks each other down, and it kills them, that play at football, or any other rougher sport; and it is absolutely without purpose: so none who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money-maker what he does, and he says with his mouth, "I never know." He doesn't make it to do anything with. It doesn't get it only that he may get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "I don't know. I've got more 'n' I can use at cricket or golf or more 'n' there's no use in the 'rms, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game—

And so it proved to be the life of a victim in our country. Endowed with great capabilities, a man of great energy, he was a victim at magnetism, his presence was widely in demand. This was the life at which this young man needed a true friend to counteract his faltering steps in his path. But nobody cared! Calamities had overtaken him, he had lost his ties. If the men of heaven can afford time for the agents of hell cannot, can see the cunning embassy of Satan leading young men into a life of suffering and pain. We see the tortured victim, out of the hold of the snail, we see the man hesitate as the temptation is offered to him. We see the man blush; he steps backward out the enticement, but he is not strong enough to resist. He is overwhelmed by the devil and his associates, who assert that he cease his "childish tricks" and their "social treat," and follow the path of the diabolical ones. We see the man, to escape their frenzied and burning grasp, forward a trembling dagger, but the devil is liquid to his lips, and he sustains the first step of his liquid has passed down his throat.

In the very struggle of the soul the warning words of the Lord written: "Held within";

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along her course
in comrade, Rev.
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d friend, Rev. R.
Tuesday evening,
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MRS.
MAYBEE.
War Cry
Boomer, of
Charlotte-
town, P.E.I.

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THE V

HELL WITHIN.

By WM. McLEOD, Rochester, Ont.
(Concluded.)

And now he wreaths his fiendish ven-
geance upon everything which comes
beneath his touch or glance. Oh,
what blood-curdling oaths and curses
poured from his hell-burned lips as
he kicked and smashed the household
furniture.

Now he moans and mutters as if
suffering agony. Then, as if Satan
himself had entered into his soul, his
blood boils, his eyes flash, and with
fist clenched and raised in fiendish
sway over the cowering mother's
head, threatens to crush her life.

How the dear children trembled in
their beds as the father, raging, and
cursing, and kicking, and stammering,
made the very walls quail, while
the poor mother with yearning heart
and trembling limb crept meekly away
to her bed to escape the result of the
father's drunken rage.

After expending his mad fury in
curses and blows, his delirious wander-
ings led his fiery imaginations to vent
his vengeance on the very courts of
heaven, cursing with the wildest de-
lucance the very Creator Himself.

Then, as if to make a fitting climax
and add emphasis to the scene, he
turned the full pressure of his furious
brain upon his own unprofitable life,
blaspheming his own poor body and
soul, cursing the very day of his
creation. Then again, as if becoming
exhausted from the fearful strain up-
on body and mind, he gave vent to
pitiful moans and groanings. In the
midst of his despairing muttering,
these words rang out as if hurled from
the bottomless pit of despair:

"Hell Within."

How sadly true, I thought, of the
whole liquor traffic. How many
tempted husbands and fathers, how
many sad mothers, how many broken
homes and starved and ragged child-
ren bear the impress of those words
upon their future, "Hell within."

Follow the footsteps of our victim
as he enters upon the threshold of
manhood. His every action is full of
hope and courage; his physical form
stands erect as a giant oak; his step
is brisk and steady; his conversation
bespeaks intellectual culture, and
his sparkling eyes seem as windows
who open to a soul in which the
Creator guides and rules. We say,

"There is the makings of a useful
man." True, but did we ever pause
to consider how much depends on
the start this young man receives just
at this period of his career, whether
he be a useful man, or whether his
life will be stamped by the word,
"Failure."

How sad, yet how often do we see
it manifest in the lives of men, that
the endowments and talents with
which God has entrusted them, to be
their greatest blessing, by mis-use of
these heaven-sent gifts become man's
veriest and eternal curse.

And so it proved in the life of the
victim in our story. Endowed as he
was with great capabilities as a mus-
iclan, accompanied with much person-
al magnetism, his presence was great-
ly in demand. This was the time in
life at which this young man most
needed a true friend to counsel and
direct his fluttering steps in the right
path. But nobody cared! God's peo-
ple were slumbering while an enemy
sowed his tares. If the messengers
of heaven can afford time for slumber
the agents of hell cannot, and so we
see the cunning emissary of Satan lead-
ing our young men into dangerous
and forbidden paths. We see the en-
thralled victim enter over the thresh-
hold of the saloon. We see the young
man hesitate as the tempting beverage
is offered to him. We see his count-
enance flush; he steps back as if to
ward off the enticement, but his bette-
thoughts are soon stilled, and over-
whelmed by the feeling terrors of his
associates, who assert that he must
cease his "childish tricks" and share
their "social treat," the sa-
lacious comes. We see the poor vic-
tim, to escape their ironical jushma-
tions, step nervously forward, lift with
trembling fingers the tumbler of ruin-
ing liquid to his lips, and the next in-
stant the first cup of intoxicating
liquor had passed down his throat.

In the very sparkle of the tempting
fluid the warning words of my text
were written: "Hell within!"
We need not follow the victim in

all his wanderings, his des-
sard and real! But let us
the curtain over a sup-
all of which are sin
and word, "Failure."
opened, we find his
years a confirmed
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South America.

THE KOOTENAI KLIMAX.

(Continued from page 8.)

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to town a visit, but Booth to get at the Army severely der was not to be in with a Junior or three Christ he hall, it re- tuch meeting.

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ut, and the s Moses, "ness."

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and prisons of London. She was at- tured in the same manner as when she visited darkest London. She told many incidents of her work among the poor, the friendless, the wretched, those in prisons and those who had brought themselves to drink the very dregs of inebriation through their ap- petite for intoxicants.

Miss Booth told of her experience amongst the very poor, who keep body and soul together by making match boxes for four cents a gross. Just think of it.

London prisons, she said, were hard places for visitors to get into, but she and the other Salvationists got into them often, and did most effective work in the way of bringing the inmates to a Christian life. When the prisoners were released they were helped in various ways.

Miss Booth told how she reformed and brought to a Christian life a drunken, evil and combative woman by a kiss and some subsequent kind- ness. The woman said no one had kissed her since her mother died, and she had passed away when the daugh- ter was about six years old. These and other incidents were so pathetic- ally and dramatically told as to bring tears to the eyes of a majority of the audience.

She said that she believed in action in work of this kind. When she went into the rooms of the poor she won their good will by helping them in their tasks, by washing their children, by binding up their wounds and hurts, and by bringing them necessities when they were in need. In this way the road to their good will was opened, and it was an easy matter to lead them to that better life. Where they saw only charity and a desire to make their lot more pleasant, and a disposi- tion to unselfishly work for their good uncomplained, they were willing to make the religion of those who did this their religion, and his or her God their God. The lecturer was frequently in- terrupted with loud bursts of applause, and certainly left a good impression on that. She revealed that she is a worthy daughter of her illustrious fa- ther, Mr. William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army.

After came and big drills by Miss Booth's two adopted children, and the singing of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," by the audience, the meeting dispersed. Miss Booth is certain of a large audience whenever she again visits the city, as she leaves a very good impression behind her.

Returning through Nelson, en route to Whinlpeg, the Commissioner de- cided to do a soldiers' meeting. In vain we tried to persuade her to rest. It was no use, she must have a word with them.

Nearly every soldier was present, and, needless to say, the Commissioner's sacrifice for their interests was deeply appreciated.

The Commissioner was helped by the Holy Ghost as she spoke of full salvation, and we all will remember this blessed meeting.

The financial side of the campaign has been splendid, while the spiritual results have also been gratifying. The Commissioner has been received every- where with a genuine warmth and enthusiasm, such as Salvationists only can give, and the effect of the meet- ings will be of untold value to the Kingdom and the Army. May the Commissioner soon come again.

The Nelson band and corps gave Miss Booth and party a good send-off at the wharf on Wednesday at mid- night.

Notes of the Campaign.

The Commissioner was accompanied by Major Smeaton, Adjt. Welsh, En- sign Griffith, Pearl and Willie, from Toronto, while Major and Mrs. Har- grave, with Staff-Capt. Gange, went from Spokane.

The Commissioner captivated and delighted the crowd with her harp solos.

Adjt. Smith, from Port Simpson, came to see the Commissioner re the Indian work. He reports things on the up grade.

The Nelson and Rossland folks had a lot of affection for their Commis- sioner before they saw her, but this has been increased during the recent campaign.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

VICTORIOUS MAG!

She Wins the Day at Last.

HER COMPETITORS IN THE FAR DISTANCE.

The Eastern Strikes a Snag—Progress in the North-West.

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

East Ontario Province.....	92
West Ontario Province.....	86
Central Ontario Province.....	83

Hats off to Mag!

The laurel wreath of victory flutters proudly in the breeze. (Rather mixed metaphor, I think, after all.—E. E.)

For the first time in history let all the universe salute "Mag," of the East Ontario Province, as the champion!

She has been a great while getting there. For long, weary months have her trainers been hard at work. Many have been her defeats and discouragements, but her reward has come, and I doubt not the language and feeling of all the East Ontario troops is, "It is worth it all!"

Once more a word of praise, and I must warn them that they have a couple of formidable enemies to face. And they must not forget that if they have conquered them once, they can do it again.

Major McMillan is one of those quiet individuals who don't say a great deal, but silently spring surprises on the enemy. He won't be satisfied with second place, I'm sure.

As for Nigger, the poor quadruped is evidently not at all well. In justice to the Province, Brigadier Gaskin should either get a new steed or fix the puncture in the above-mentioned animal.

Capt. Sitzer has asserted her superiority this week over Lieut. Smith, and gone no less than 34 copies higher. Well done, Captain!

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 110	North-West. 57
Pacific.....	35
Newfound'd.....	21
Klondike.....	2
Totals ..	110

The Eastern Province made a dash attempt to secure the prize once more, but failed.

I'm afraid Major Southall is getting too hot a hustler for the East. His 51 bonniers compare very favorably with what the North-West Province has done in days gone by.

Then think of Newfoundland! The record is broken this week with 21. Brigadier Sharp has designs on the prize, likely.

The barometer records the following rise, Glace Bay, 25; and (whisper it)

the following fall, Yarmouth 25. I commend the former and feel sorry about the latter.

I have received a complaint from a friend of mine, named Ensign Cumulus, a complaint which I fully recognize and will enquire into. We want things done right, don't we?

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Ottawa.....	170
Mrs. Barber, Burlington.....	150
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Picton.....	135
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa.....	128

BRIGADIER PUCMIRE SPRINGS A SURPRISE.



Major McMillan, confident of winning the War Cry race, will be surprised when he finds that Brigadier Pucmire is waiting for him at the winning post. He'll drop his smile rather hastily. Other competitors in the background.

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa.....	120
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans.....	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans.....	103
P. S. M. Yule, Barre.....	102
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal.....	96
Capt. Burtell, Brockville.....	79
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville.....	70
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal.....	75
Capt. O'Neil, Kamptville.....	75
Mrs. Capt. Condo, Belleville.....	70
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury.....	70
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury.....	70
Capt. Yake, Deseronto.....	70
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville.....	65
Bro. Moore, Montreal.....	65
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall.....	60
Lieut. Yundaw, Cornwall.....	60
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg.....	60
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew.....	57
Capt. Green, Perth.....	55
Ensign Stingers, Gannanogue.....	55
Lieut. Thompson, Gannanogue.....	55
Sister Robinson, Peterboro.....	55
Capt. French, Kingston.....	50
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston.....	50
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal.....	50
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke.....	50
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke.....	50
Capt. Tytus, Sherbrooke.....	50
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg.....	50
Lieut. Hoole, Cobourg.....	50
Lieut. Langford, Arnprior.....	47
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal.....	47
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg.....	45
Capt. Grose, Prescott.....	45

Capt. Owen, Cantlecoke.....	45
Capt. Dawson, Montreal.....	45
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal.....	41
Mrs. Hippen, Kingston.....	40
Sergt. Simms, Kingston.....	40
Sergt. Burke, Belleville.....	40
Capt. Carter, Belleville.....	40
Minnie Carey, Burlington.....	40
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield.....	40
Staff Capt. Burditt, Deseronto.....	37
Lieut. Hicks, Newport.....	36
Sergt. Newell, Barre.....	35
Sergt. Barber, Kingston.....	35
Sergt. Dine, Kingston.....	35
Lieut. Lang, Naperville.....	35
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec.....	35
Capt. Bloss, Quebec.....	35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth.....	35
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre.....	34
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro.....	34
Lieut. Croser, Trenton.....	30
Capt. Stanforth, Nanaimo.....	30
Willie Williams, Montreal.....	30
Capt. Gammatelche, Sudbury.....	30
Sister Vacour, Montreal.....	26
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal.....	25
Sergt. Leake, Montreal.....	25
Capt. McDonald, Port Hope.....	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place.....	25
Mrs. Jewett, Picton.....	25
Lieut. Cook, Montreal.....	25

Lieut. Malsey, Goderich.....	80
Capt. McCauley, Southport.....	80
Capt. Green, Windsor.....	80
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich.....	79
Sister Richards, Guelph.....	77
Lieut. Carley, Shueco.....	68
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford.....	65
Capt. Hellman, Chatham.....	65
Capt. Jordinson, Forest.....	65
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll.....	61
Capt. Freeman, Stratford.....	62
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Stratford.....	62
Lieut. Plant, Clinton.....	61
Ensign Gaudin, Watkeburg.....	60
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas.....	60
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas.....	60
Eva Simpson, Guelph.....	58
Ensign Collier, Wingham.....	57
Sister Foster, Petrolia.....	57
Lieut. Ringler, Norwich.....	52
Ensign Wakefield, London.....	51
Lieut. Yeomans, Galt.....	51
Sergt. Mrs. Gulun, Blenheim.....	50
Capt. Halsey, Ridgeway.....	50
Lieut. Horwood, Watkeburg.....	49
Sergt. Mrs. Rock, Chatham.....	49
Capt. Barrows, Byfield.....	45
Capt. Campbell, Clinton.....	45
Capt. Gee, Hespeler.....	44
Capt. Burton, Palmerston.....	42
Lieut. Kichen, Tilsonburg.....	40
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg.....	40
Capt. Gilson, Paris.....	40
Mrs. Harris, London.....	40
Capt. Heater, St. Thomas.....	40
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler.....	38
Bro. Baker, London.....	37
Sergt. Schwartz, Galt.....	37
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville.....	37
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston.....	35
Capt. Williams, Galt.....	35
Lieut. Thompson, Seaforth.....	35
Ser. Gifford, Simcoe.....	35
Bro. Dearling, Hespeler.....	31
Mrs. Cutliff, Essex.....	30
Lieut. Fenway, Guelph.....	29
Capt. White, Listowel.....	28
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Blenheim.....	27
Lieut. Laraman, Ingersoll.....	25
Capt. Copeman, Thelford.....	25
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll.....	25
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia.....	25
Sister Wakefield, Petrolia.....	25
Lieut. Edwards, London.....	25
Mrs. Hachies, St. Thomas.....	25
Capt. Wiseman, Rathwell.....	25
Capt. Dowell, Blenheim.....	25
P. S. M. Virano, Windsor.....	22
Mrs. Anderson, Watford.....	22
Sister Gaudin, Paris.....	21
Bro. Hanna, Hespeler.....	21
Mrs. Shepherd, Drayton.....	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll.....	21
Capt. Mathers, Norwich.....	20
Lieut. Groombridge, Stratford.....	24
Sergt. Smith, Tilsonburg.....	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia.....	20
Sister Miller, Petrolia.....	20
Sister Garrison, Petrolia.....	20
Capt. Carr, Watford.....	21
Corps-Cadet Crawford, Paris.....	20
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway.....	20
Baudouin Fleury, London.....	20
Mabel Clark, St. Thomas.....	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton.....	175
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside.....	170
S. M. Thompson, Hamilton.....	161
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines.....	84
Mrs. Boylster, Lisgar St.....	65
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound.....	65
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie.....	64
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple.....	64
Bro. Evelyn, Oshawa.....	60
Capt. Wadge, Faversham.....	60
Capt. Sherwin, Orillia.....	59
Lieut. Kitchin, Orillia.....	59
Capt. Barker, Meaford.....	59
Capt. Darrach, Meaford.....	59
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.....	59
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton.....	59
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines.....	47
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst.....	45
Lieut. Carwardine, Howmanville.....	45
Capt. Stoddick, Riverside.....	43
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge.....	41
Bro. J. Smith, Midland.....	40
Sergt. Mrs. Gibbs, Yorkville.....	40
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound.....	40
Sergt. Goflon, Temple.....	40
A Soldier, Hamilton.....	39
Capt. Remle, Sudbury.....	37
Cadet Greenwood, Temple.....	36
Bro. Dixon, Temple.....	36
Capt. Poole, Chesley.....	36
Capt. Rivell, Lippincott.....	35
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket.....	35
Sister Robinson, Oshawa.....	35
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville.....	35
Lieut. Pickers, Huntsville.....	34
Capt. Fisher, Sarnia.....	34
Lieut. Leggat, Barrie.....	33
Cadet Brown, Temple.....	32
Cadet Porter, Lippincott.....	30
Cadet Busley, Lippincott.....	30
Sister Milley, Lippincott.....	30
Capt. Young, Brooklin.....	30

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock.....	225
Lieut. Smith, London.....	115
Capt. Pyre, Karna.....	111
S. M. Bonteman, Stratford.....	111
Lieut. Kneale, Brantford.....	101
Lieut. Stickle, Berlia.....	103
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford.....	102
Capt. Hurdington, Leamington.....	100
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham.....	95
Ensign Green, Windsor.....	90

Capt. Hanna, Aurora.....
Adj. Surr, Lisgar St.....
Mrs. Kustin, Lisgar St.....
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines.....
Sister Gaudin, Bracebridge.....
Lieut. Calvert, Yorkville.....
Capt. Craig, Hamilton.....
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.....
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Uxbridge.....
Sister Peacock, Aurora.....
Capt. Stephens, Aurora.....
Capt. Connors, Dundas.....
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas.....
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenton Falls.....
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside.....
Capt. S. Dales, Midland.....
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt.....
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines.....
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt.....
Mother Currie, Hamilton.....
Tillie Gee, Hamilton.....
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton.....
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt.....
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt.....
Lieut. Phillips, Midland.....
Capt. Howcroft, Fenton Falls.....
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.....
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Yorkville.....
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville.....
Capt. Chik, Owen Sound.....
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket.....
Bro. M. Laugridge, Huntsville.....
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple.....
Cand. Stacey, Temple.....
Sergt. Correll, Temple.....
Sister Gaudin, Temple.....
Sister Bowman, Temple.....
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple.....
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott.....
Mrs. Dyer, Bracebridge.....

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

110 Hustlers.

Cand. Mirey, St. John I.....
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax.....
S. M. Smith, Windsor.....
Ensign Jennings, Springfield.....
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown.....
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay.....
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton.....
Lieut. M. McKie, Newcasile.....
Capt. Goodwin, Souders.....
Noah Flood, Hamilton.....
Capt. Brelaut, Somerset.....
Mrs. Saters, Hamilton.....
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown.....
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Fredericton.....
Capt. Alton, Carleton.....
Capt. Fleming, Hamilton.....
Capt. Ryan, Truro.....
Lieut. Lebars, Truro.....
Cadet Dwyer, St. John I.....
Bro. Reid, St. John I.....
Lieut. R. Payne, Westville.....
Capt. Bull, St. George's.....
Cadet Redmond, St. John I.....
Ensign Armstrong, St. John I.....
Capt. Lawa, St. Stephen.....
Lieut. Gilmeyan, Stellarton.....
Capt. Kirk, St. John V.....
Capt. Cowan, Southampton.....
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown.....
Ensign Wright, St. John I.....
Lieut. Taten, North Head.....
P. S. M. Treadwell, Newcasile.....
Lieut. N. Smith, Digby.....
Sergt. V. Lebars, Fredericton.....
Sister Lindsay, St. John V.....
Lieut. Lebars, St. Stephen.....
Cadet Hamu, St. John I.....
Capt. Bradley, Sackville.....
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay.....
Lieut. McWilliam, Clark's Harbor.....
A. Kunnle, Bridgetown.....
Lieut. Wyatt, Bridgetown.....
Cadet Purdy, St. John I.....
Capt. McElhenny, New Glasgow.....
Ensign Larder, Chatham.....
Mrs. Busiga Knight, Chals.....
Capt. Miller, Fairville.....
Sister Holden, Windsor.....
D. Fancey, Pictou.....
A. Brown, Pictou.....
M. Burgess, Halifax.....
Capt. Clark, Amherst.....
Lieut. Penberton, Amherst.....
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro.....
Mrs. Place, Hamilton.....
Mrs. Santen, Hamilton.....
Mrs. Aling, Hamilton.....
M. Wade, Hamilton.....
Sister Parks, Carleton.....
Lizette Jones, St. John I.....
Lieut. Hebb, Canning.....
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown.....
Sergt. Ritchie, Amnapois.....
Ensign Elsbury, Amnapois.....
Sergt. Kay, Moncton.....
Capt. Armstrong, Halifax.....
Sergt. Sells, Halifax.....
Sergt. A. Rees, St. John I.....
Sergt. G. Rice, Glace Bay.....
Capt. J. Green, Glace Bay.....
Ensign Knight, Chals.....
Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham.....



Sanctify Me, Lord.

Tunes.—Come, brethren dear (B.B. 9):
He lives (B.J. 313): Praise (B.J.
143).

1 Come, Jesus, Saviour, from above,
And fill my heart with perfect love.
And make me more like Thee.
That I may, by Thy Spirit's power,
Bring honor to Thy name each hour,
And live and fight for Thee.

Oh, send the promised Holy Ghost,
That I may of His fullness boast.
To cleanse from filthiest sin!
Then I shall conquer self and pride,
And in the cleansing stream abide,
Delivered by His power.

Just now I claim the cleansing power,
To make me pure this very hour,
And closer walk with Thee;
That I may in Thy strength go forth,
And love to seek and save the lost,
And fight and die for Thee.
Henry Ainsworth.

A Place of Rest.

Tune.—From every stain made clean
(B.J. 81).

2 There is a place of rest
At Jesus' blessed feet,
Where tempted souls can ever find
A safe and sure retreat—
A secret, holy place,
Where (far above is seen,
Who seek the treasures of His grace
Whose hearts by Blood are clean.

This is the place of power,
The place of secret prayer—
Believing souls they find the source
Of strength prevailing there.
They go from strength to strength,
Cling in Jehovah's might,
With holy confidence they stand
Successful in the fight.

This is the place where souls
Receive the Holy Ghost—
When Calvary's spirit is obtained,
These gain and seek the lost.
Oh, comrades, come with me
And seek this hallowed place,
And then go forth and shed abroad
The beauties of His grace.

Let Your Light Shine.

Tune.—Gospel bells.

3 The heavenly light came shining
Into this dark heart of mine,
When I stepped from nature's
darkness,
Into liberty Divine.
No more was I enslaved
By the bitter cup of sin,
But as soon as I would trust Him,
Jesus let the light shine in.

Chorus.

Heavenly light, let it shine,
That the world may find it, too,
Heavenly light, let it shine,
That the world may prove it true.

The heavenly light is shining,
Brightening all my path today,
And my heart it bounds with gladness
At every cheering ray.
What is, then, this heavenly light,
And whither does it come?
'Tis the light that shines from Cal-
vary,
And it guides poor sinners home.

The heavenly light is shining
For the darkest sin-bound souls,
Do they see in you this beauty,
And desire to be made whole?
Do you let your light so shine,
As you walk the heavenly road,
That when others see your good works
They may glorify your God?
Red Hidding Hood.

The Chains Broken.

Tune.—Only Jesus will I know.
Broken are the chains of sin,
Perfect freedom Christ does give.
Since (to doth from sin now free
me,
All my life for Him I'll live.

Chorus.

Only Jesus will I know.
With God's love my soul is filled,
Through His dying I am free;
Now His true and faithful soldier,
Evermore I mean to be.
To the Cross for refuge flee,
Even now He waits to save;
That you might claim God's favor,
Oh, believe, His life He gave.
Freely flows the cleansing stream,
Sinner-friend, it flows for thee;
Won't you love God? Won't you
serve Him?
And His faithful soldier be.
Ned, Bear River.

Come to the Cross.

Tune.—Cleansing for me (B.J. 45).
6 Poor trembling soul, now in Jesus
find rest,
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!
Jesus is waiting your soul now to
bless.
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!
Come, while in Love He is waiting for
thee.
Come, from all sin He will now set
you free,
Then through eternity happy you'll
be.
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!

Though you have wandered so far
into sin,
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!
To Jesus' feet your burden now bring
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!
Come broken-hearted, repenting of
sin,
Come to the Fountain, come now and
Jesus is calling. Oh, come now to
Him,
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!

Smear, b-hold now these five bleed-
ing wounds,
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!
See Jesus dying, oh, now hear His
groans!
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!
Come, He will hear you as humbly
you pray,
Come, and your sins He will now
wash away.
Change now your night into day's
brightest day,
Come to the Cross! Come to the
Cross!

The Comforter, Immanuel.

Tune.—And above the rest this note
shall swell.

6 He lendeth me, 'tis bliss to know
A God of love still lives below;
In my poor heart He dwells to
dwell,
The Comforter, Immanuel.

Chorus.

And above the rest this note shall
swell,
My Jesus doeth all things well.

When friends forsake, the world looks
cold,
Dark shadows fall around the fold,
Within there's light. Why? Shall I
tell?
The Comforter, Immanuel.

The snares of sin beset me round,
They fain would drag me to the
ground;
What is it keeps me saved and well?
The Comforter, Immanuel.

To those whose hearts are torn and
sad,
Who have the good, altho' the bad,
There's power for you o'er earth and
hell—
The Comforter, Immanuel.

T. A. M.,
Written at the Shelter, Toronto.

Succour the Needy.

A SOLO BY MRS. HERBERT
BUOTILL.

7 O'er the dark and cruel regions,
Where the slaves of sin abound,
There are voices ever calling
From the ruined, crushed and
bound.

There are wrongs that need redress-
ing,
There are foes who challenge fight,
There are giants need t' be pressing,
Darkened souls who need the light.

Chorus.

Then help us save the lost ones,
Let us bring them home to God.

If we knew the bitter anguish
Of the hearts with sorrow riven,
Could we number ad the thousands
Who to dark despair are driven;
Could the tears that fall in millions
Tell us each their tale of woe,
We should linger not in rising
To defeat this deadly foe.

From the mouths of hungry children
These are voices bid us aid,
From the haunts of squalid misery
There are cries that sound alarm;
From the broken hearts that linger
Ere they drop into the grave,
There are notes of earnest pleading—
Are there none to help and save?

The Door of Mercy.

(To our frontispiece.)

I stood outside the gate, a poor, way-
farer child;
Within my heart there beat a tempest,
loud and wild;
A fear oppressed my soul that I should
be too late;
And, oh, I trembled sore, and prayed
outside the gate.

"Mercy!" I loudly cried: "Oh, give
me room from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied, and Mercy
let me in;
She bound my bleeding wounds, and
carried all my sin;
She eased my hardened soul, and gave
me peace within.

In Mercy's form I knew the Saviour,
long abused,
Who oft had sought my heart, and
wept when I refused;
Oh, what a bliss return for ignorance
and sin!
I stood outside the gate, and Jesus
took me in.

The well-conceived reproduction on
our front page, of Arthur Hughes' cele-
brated picture, could scarcely be
better interpreted than by the above
well-known verses. Oh, the depth of
mercy! The guilty soul knocks and
cries in contrition. The voice of con-
fession is the Open Sesame that gives
entrance to Bliss eternal. Mercy
sloops with one hand to lift up, while
wiping off with the other hand from
the recording-angel's scroll the black
catalogue of past sins. Mercy is Love
forgiving and Love helping. What
more sublime subject for the painter's
brush, or the sculptor's chisel, or the
preacher's sermon? But what greater
example for us to imitate daily? May
our lips not only pray, "And forgive
us our debts," but may our lives show
that we forgive our debtors, and so
ally ourselves with the forces of Love
Divine.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL JACOBS

accompanied by

BRIGADIER GASKIN,

with the

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND

will visit

Lisgar St. Sunday, May 27.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS

will visit

Montreal, Wednesday, May 16, to Sun-
day, May 20.

Newport, Vt., Monday, May 21.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25.

Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27.

Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

Temple, Sunday, May 27.

BRIGADIER and MRS. FRIEDRICH

and the

MALE QUARTETTE OF T. H. Q.

will visit

Dovercourt, Sunday, May 20.

BRIGADIER and MRS. FRIEDRICH

Yorkville, Sunday, May 27.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

Riverside, Sunday, May 20.

MAJOR McMILLAN

will visit

Stratford, Sat. and Sun., May
19, 20.

Seaford, Monday, May 21.

Clinton, Tuesday, May 22.

Columbia, Wednesday, May 23.

Wingham, Thursday, May 24.

Listowel, Friday, May 25.

Palmerston, Sat. and Sun.,
May 26, 27.

MRS. BRIGADIER GASKIN and MRS. MAJOR TURNER.

Meaford, Sat. and Sun., May
26, 27.

Collingwood, Monday, May 28.

Barrie, Tuesday, May 29.

MAJOR COLLIER

Lippincott, Sunday, May 27.

MAJOR TURNER

North Bay, Tuesday, May 22.

Huntsville, Wednesday, May
23.

Bracebridge, Thursday, May
24.

Midland, Friday, May 25.

Perry Sound, Sat. and Sun.
May 26, 27.

Barrie, Monday, May 28.

Newmarket, Sat. and Sun.,
June 2, 3.

STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. STANTON

with the

LIFE BOAT CREW

will visit

Riverside, Monday, May 21.

Yorkville, Wednesday, May 23.

Dovercourt, Monday, May 28.

Lisgar St., Wednesday, May 30.

Lippincott St., Thursday, May
31.

STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. STANTON

Huron St., Sunday, May 27.

ADJUTANT PAGE

Dovercourt, Sunday, May 27.